'23

LA REVISTA

Frederic S Wing '23.

Autographs

Juniors

1. Clarence Hendricks '24
2. Elaine E. Shideler '24
3. Mary Maher 24'
4. Virgil E. Lehman. Class Quality '24'
5. George Guild 24'
6. Nettie Pearce '24
7. Mildred Wenger. '24. 'Don't forget forensic'
8. Claire Gilman '24

Sophs

1. Gertrude Smith
2. Dorothy Stone
3. Leo Weiland
4. C. O. Barker Jr.
5. Lee H. McCurdy.
6. Mildred Rymal
7. Donald Palmer
8. Elizabeth Fountain
9. Georgina Fitchener '25
10. Alice Patterson '25
11. Sarah Covington '25
12. Edward White 25

Autographs

13 Alphamay Blackburn '25 | 19 Florence Dewees '26
14 Winifred Wood '25 | 20
15 Roger Johnson '25
16 Stevens Law '25
17 Jack Pritchett '25
18 Harold Laughlin

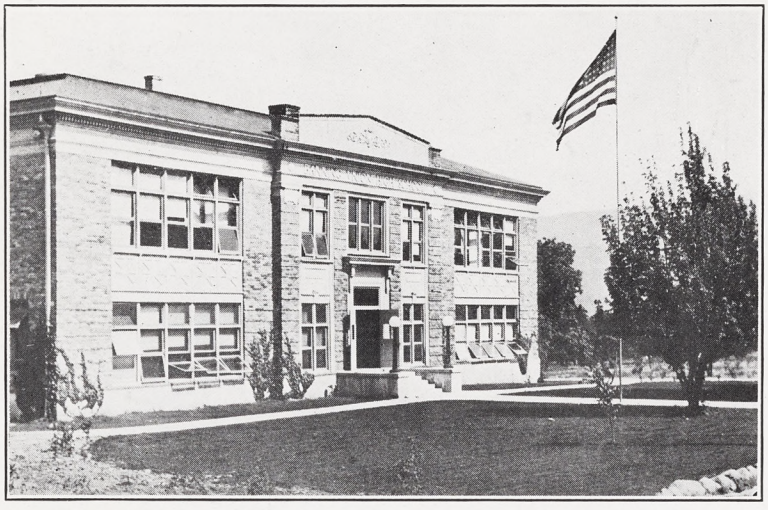
Freshies.

1. Merl Morris.
2. Bernice Felts
3. "Pat" Colin Ketcham
4 Geraldine McCarthy
5 Alva Sanders.
6 Theo. Reeves.
7 Esther Hendricks
8 Elliot Pownall
9 Leland Bickham
10 Avis Elder '26
11 Dick. Bramkamp
12 Marion Brown. '26
13 Katherine Richardson '26
14 Fred Southworth '26'
15 Tom Pierce '26'

Dedication

In grateful appreciation of the support and co-operation manifested toward our High School activities, we gladly dedicate this issue of La Revista to our Principal:

Mr. Edwin C. Franklin



SCHOOL BOARD

Dr. A. L. Bramkamp . . . . . President

C. O. Barker R. H. Coombs

W. L. Schlegel Dr. J. W. Cook

FACULTY

E. C. Franklin
Principal
Boys' Athletics

Miss Edna Lochridge
Vice-Principal
Mathematics, Typewriting
Debating

Dr. George Pope
Science, Manual Training

Miss Beatrice Reynolds
English

Miss Justine Conrey
History, Girls' Athletics

Mrs. Fred Hazen
Music, Girls' Athletics

Miss Maude Rudkin
Foreign Languages

Mrs. Florence Morse
Home Economics

La Revista Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Charles Ketcham
Assistant Editor	George Guild
Literary	Elaine Shideler
Society	Alberta Brandt
Art Editor	Elsie Houda
Photo Editors	Ernest Hemmerling
	Delemar Mahaffey
Athletic Editor	Clarence Hendricks
Calendar	Blanche Phillips
Joke Editor	Elden Brown
Business Manager	Robert Mackey
Assistant Business Manager	Virgil Lehman
Faculty Advisor	Miss Reynolds

To the students and to all those interested in B. U. H. S. we present this sixth volume of La Revista. We have endeavored to make it a true representative of one of the major activities of our school. That you will grant us your hearty approval is our sincere desire. We wish to express our appreciation for the help we have received. And we also wish to call your attention to the fact that we have published an adless annual, thereby continuing the precedent established by last year's Student Body.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
For the Staff.

GRANT WOOD

"Red." Class President 4; Athletic Mgr. 4; Senior Play; Forensic 1; Debating 3, 4; Basketball 4; Operetta 2, 4; Glee Club 4. Occupation: Scratching His Head. Favorite Expression: "Aw - - - "

ADAM SMITH

"Pud." Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Vaudeville 3; Constitution Revision Committee 3; Senior Play; Athletic Mgr. 3; Annual Staff 3; Student Body President 4; Operetta 2; Business Mgr. Senior Play. Occupation: Sleeping. Favorite Expression: "It ain't nothin' else."

ELSIE HOUDA

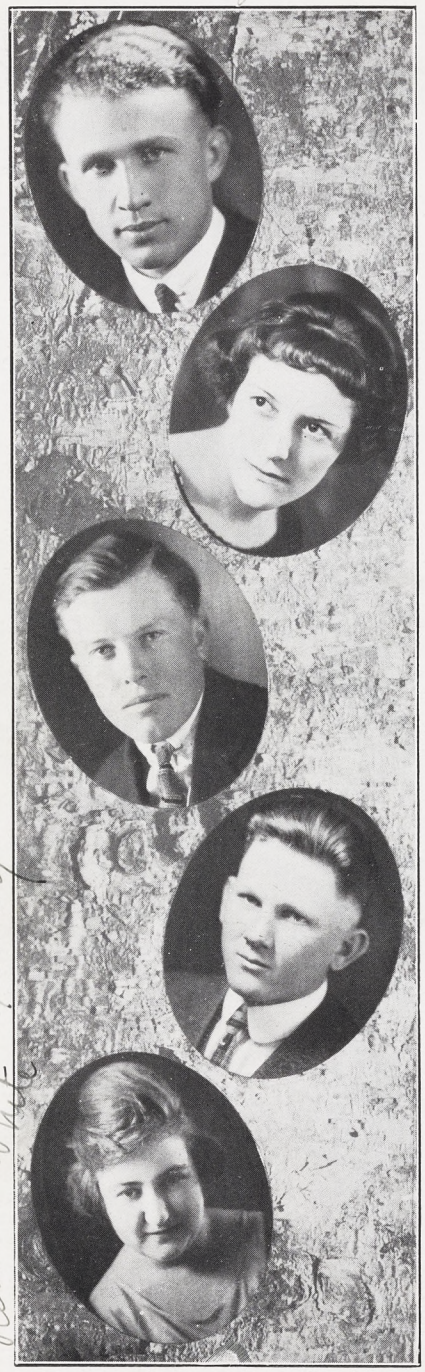
"Hoody." Operetta 2, 3, 4; Annual Staff 4; Debating 4; Class Treasurer 1, 2; Indoor Baseball 2, 4; Senior Play; Vaudeville 3. Occupation: Trying to Bluff Dr. Pope. Favorite Expression: "Oh, Lord!"

ERNEST HEMMERLING

"Dutch." Debating 4; Basketball 4; Track 4; Glee Club 4; "The Trysting Place" 4; Orchestra 4; Operetta 4; Annual Staff 4. Occupation: Getting in Dutch with Dr. Pope. Favorite Expression: "Haw, Haw!"

CHARLES KETCHAM

"Ketch 'em." Entered 3; Class President 3; Debating 3, 4; Forensic 3; Editor-in-Chief Annual 4; "The Trysting Place" 4; Scholarship Society President 2nd Semester 4; Senior Play; Constitution Revision Committee 3; Occupation: Getting the Annual Out. Favorite Expression: "Hot Dog!"



DELEMAR MAHAFFEY

"Del." Annual Staff 2, 4; Vaudeville 3; Senior Play; Senior Play 3; Operetta 2. Occupation: Taking Pictures. Favorite Expression: "Let me see."

ALBERTA BRANDT

"Bert." Entered 3; Indoor Baseball 3, 4; Operetta 3, 4; Girls' League President 4; Secretary Class 4; Senior Play; Annual Staff 4. Occupation: Flirting. Favorite Expression: "O, Gee!"

CHARLES BIGLEY

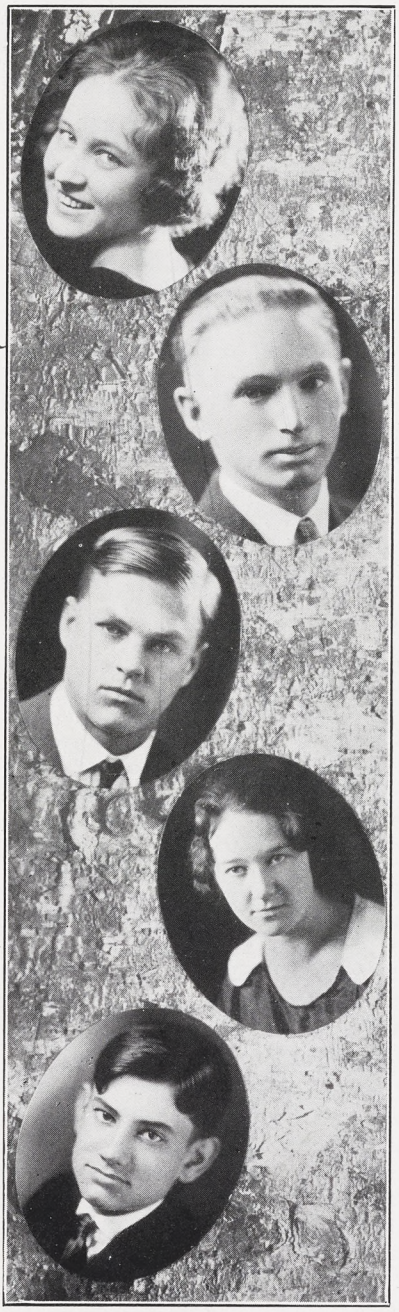
"Tiny." Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Scholarship Society President 1st Semester 4; Operetta 2, 4; Senior Play. Occupation: Singing. Favorite Expression: (Censored).

ROBERT MACKEY

"Bob." Vice-Pres Class 4; Annual Staff 4; Forensic 2; Basketball 1; Debating 4; Glee Club 4; Senior Play; Business Mgr. Jubilee Singers 4. Occupation: Arguing with Miss Conrey. Favorite Expression: "Yes, Lawd."

RENA WHITE

"Skinney." Class President 1, 2; Auditor 2; Operetta 1, 2, 3, 4; Vaudeville 3. Occupation: Talking. Favorite Expression: "My Stars!"



BLANCHE PHILLIPS

"Butch." Entered Latter Part 1; Girls' Indoor Captain 2, 3; Girls' Basketball 2, 4; Captain 4; Vice-Pres. Class 3; Vice Pres. Student Body 3; Annual Staff 4; "When Smith Stepped Out" 3; Vaudeville 3; "Mr. Bob" 4; Senior Play; Operetta 2, 3, 4; Scholarship 3, 4. Occupation: Giggling. Favorite Expression: "Good Nite!"

ELDEN BROWN

"Browny." Basketball 4; Baseball 3, 4; Annual Staff 4; Vaudeville 3; Class Treasurer 4; Senior Play; Senior Play 3. Occupation: "On the road to Cabazon." Favorite Expression: "Aw, Dry Up."

EMIL SZUGGAS

"Zoogy." Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Occupation: Speculating. Favorite Expression: "Snicklefritz!"

HAZEL LAUGHLIN

Class Sec. 2, 3; Treasurer 3; Operetta 2, 3, 4; Student Body Sec. 4; Vaudeville 3; Scholarship Society Permanently; Girls' Basketball 2. Occupation: Being Noisy. Favorite Expression: "O, Heck!"

FREDERIC WING

"Beetle." Baseball 4; Forensic 4; Student Body Treasurer 4; Senior Play; "Mr. Bob" 4; Business Manager Vaudeville 3. Occupation: Chewing Gum. Favorite Expression: "O, Gosh!"

Senior History

H. L. '23

As I was visiting New York in 1935, I thought I would drop in and see my old classmates, Mr. and Mrs. Smith. I was given a warm welcome to their palatial home and was attracted by two of the sweetest children I had ever seen. I was talking with them after dinner and they asked me for a story. I asked, "What shall it be?"

Little Blanche said: "About a fairy." But little Adam didn't like that. He loved the giants. Then, to please both of them, I decided on a story entirely different. It was a true story:

One bright Autumn morning in September of 1919, funny little groups of the greenest, most frightened children were going slowly to a great brick building on which was written, Banning Union High School. They had a hard time finding their way about, but, with the kind (?) help of the upper-classmen, they soon learned.

One evening they had to wear little white bibs with "baby" written on them, in green. All they had for supper was a bowl of dry corn flakes. Poor things! But they soon began to lose their fears and became a bright and jolly bunch. In the early spring months three more came into their midst. They were Margaret Hardearte, Charles Short and Blanche Phillips. Thus they labored in their own green way.

When they returned from vacation there were twelve of them, and, my, how differently did they walk into that great intellectual institution. They were wise and learned Sophomores. Three of the class represented them on the basketball and baseball teams. As the year progressed a thirteenth member joined the class. Now there was a "baker's dozen."

The summer brought four more to add to the jolly Juniors. They went about their work gayly, not fussing about it like a good many boys and girls. Children, do you like "Christmas presents?" Of course, you do, and this class did, too. Their Christmas present was Alberta Brandt, who joined us and added more pep and fun to the "bunch." This class was again well represented on the field and in the Student Body, "La Revista" staff and scholarship society. Oh, what a banquet they put on! It was a real one!

When they again entered that lonely building, they came with solemn purposes, but nevertheless you could hear their peals of laughter echoing through the halls. They had lost three of their number during the summer, so only 15 remained. This loss did not daunt them, for they accomplished much on the field, in Student Body activities, scholarship, debating and the Annual staff. Then came that final event, when they received the reward for all their labor and which every one had looked forward to with joy and yet with a little sadness, intermingled. What a beautiful scene they

presented, sitting under the old apple tree. The diplomas were given and the goodbyes were said.

I saw then that it was time for goodnights, for the children were nodding. Perhaps the story was uninteresting to them, but my host and hostess had listened eagerly. The story of one's High School Days never grows old.

Seniors' Farewell

B. P. '23

We, the graduating class of '23, look forward to commencement eve as one of the big events of our lives, but we do so with a feeling of regret. We will become scattered after we have left dear old B. U. H. S. We will have reunions, but never will we be the same jolly group. We may miss the games that we all love so well. We may miss the plays and debates in which we all took an active part. But, oh, how we will long for comforting chats with our teachers, who faithfully kept us on the right path! We have made many friends in our four years' course. So, we will make many more; but no friendships can be made that will be as true and lasting as those made in B. U. H. S.

Class Will

We have assembled to listen to the last will and testament of the Senior Class of '23, and to receive from her dying hands the few precious gifts she has to bestow in her last moments, and she deems it best to distribute these gifts to her friends in the manner and form following:

Article I. To the Juniors she leaves her responsibility in raising properly and caring for the Scrublets of the institution.

Article II. To the Sophomore Class she leaves her noble example—(make use of it, dear friends).

Article III. To the woe-beguiled Infants she leaves her scholarly habits.

Article IV. To the incoming Frosh she leaves her sympathy for having to spend three years with the rest of the inmates.

Article V. Individually. "Pud" Smith leaves to Donald Palmer his ability to drive a car with one arm or the back of his neck. He leaves his (pink) Mexican shirt to Leo Wieland.

"Lancelot" Ketcham bequeaths his record of "4's" to any one who can break it.

"O, Min!" White wills her coquettish ways to Frances Bigley.

Delemar Mahaffey offers his interest in Beaumont girls to "Jack" Pritchett.

"Tiny" Bigley leaves his art of queening to Roger Johnson; and his cute walk to "Eddie" White.

Hazel Laughlin offers the recipe for curling her hair to Gertrude Smith.

Elden Brown gives his picture to—(?)—guess who!! Also his little book in which he keeps his chemistry assignments to "Babe" Hendricks. He leaves to Dr. Pope all the broken test tubes to glue together—(if he can find them).

"Red" Wood leaves the FRONT seat of his Flivver and the use of the steering wheel to George Guild.

Elsie Houda transmits a complete course in "The Art of Make-Up" to certain girls of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes. She leaves to Georgina Titchener her ability to charm the "out-of-town" boys.

"Bob" Mackey donates his position as "persecuting" attorney to "Tex" Oliver. (Spread your stuff, Tex).

"Beetle" Wing bequeaths his ability to "aggravate" Miss Rudkin to "Sonny" Reeves.

"Bert" Brandt leaves to "Tommy" Gilman her much-used hair pins and hair nets. She leaves her presidency of the Girls' League to "Winnie" Wood.

"Dutchie" Hemmerling bestows to "Cannibal" Barrett his sombrero. He leaves his "horse laugh" to "Dickey" Bramkamp.

Emil Szuggas bequeaths his dramatic and cinderpath ability to "Fat" Laughlin.

"Butch" Phillips leaves her "giggle" to Mildred Rymal, and her "length" to Alphamay Blackburn.

This is our last will and testament.

Signed: H. Grant Wood, President.
Alberta Brandt, Secretary.

Senior Prophecy

E. S. '24
N. P. '24
M. W. '24

It was a hot, sultry August night in the year of 1935. As I had been away from my native soil for a number of years, I was lonesome for my schoolmates of '23. I had heard of a crystal globe which knew all things and so determined to try it out.

"What do you wish to see, my good friend?" asked the Arab who owned the wonderful globe.

"I want to see the present life of my classmates of 1923."

I watched the crystal globe for some time and finally was rewarded by a faint glimmer of light—a red light—which afterwards took the shape of my old friend, Grant Wood, as he sat resting by the fireside. Soon I distinguished sitting by his side a pretty lady, whom I knew to be Alberta Brandt. I had read of their marriage in a California paper several years ago. Mr. Wood was now a very prosperous business man in San Francisco, and, before her marriage, Mrs. Wood had taken a business course and had been private secretary to Henry Ford.

The scene gradually faded and soon the beautiful colors of the globe melted into the brilliant footlights of a huge state which seemed like fairyland. Suddenly a dainty figure drifted in attired in a gown of many colors. She began to dance and by the fairy movements I recognized Elsie Houda. Miss Houda, I remembered, had made her debut in Paris many years ago. I watched this scene with delight and regretted when it faded.

The next scene was one entirely different from the other two. I recognized a court room. Court was in session. As I glanced at the judge, stern and dignified at his high desk, whom did I see but the Hon. Frederick Wing. He had studied law diligently at Stanford and was now Supreme Judge of the U. S. Court. I looked with envy on his success in life, for he had become very noted.

This scene faded and I saw a photographer's studio in Hollywood. The photographer happened to be none other than Delemar Mahaffey, who had made his name famous in California as the chief photographer of movie actresses. I had heard that he had recently married Theda Bara and was enjoying his home life in California.

Again the scene changed entirely from the one preceding. It was a small store of groceries and dry goods. Leaning over the counter was a tall woman of about thirty years of age. From her simple dress and the large valise which she had opened before her on the counter, displaying a wonderful line of silk hosiery, I thought she must be a traveling sales-woman. She looked very familiar, and

when she turned I recognized my old friend, Hazel Laughlin. I wondered if her name was still Laughlin.

This scene faded into one more brilliant. It was an opera house of much splendor, and on the stage stood a solitary figure, draped in a rose colored gown. Evidently she was practising, from the peculiar movements of her mouth and the empty house. I looked closer and saw it was Rena White, who, I supposed, had blossomed out into a second Homer.

The next scene was of the ocean, and on a huge rock, far from land, sat a fisherman, patiently waiting for a bite. He was very tanned, but I soon knew by his baby-blue eyes, Robert Mackey.

Next, I saw a large, smooth floor, fenced off into several pen-like inclosures. By the punching bags and iron balls, I thought this must be a room for the instruction of prize-fighters. Dancing to and fro with a heavy iron rod in one hand and an iron ball in the other, I saw two very large men, about the same size, training for a bout. They looked familiar and soon I recognized Charles Bigley and Emil Szuggas. They were just the same as in B. U. H. S. days, except, of course, they had more muscle.

The next was one I recognized at once, for seated in front of a small group of children was my old friend, Elden Brown. I remembered his long, tedious course in teachers' training and he had finally secured a position as kindergarten teacher. From the pleasant smile on his face, he seemed to be doing very well, indeed.

Then I saw Los Angeles, the Plaza, and a multitude of people. High above all others, standing on a soap box, stood Ernest Hemmerling, "giving it" to the mayor of that city because he had ordered him out of town recently, for some minor crime, I suppose. I feared for my old friend and was glad when the scene changed.

But the next made me almost as nervous. The sky was clear and high above the eagle an airplane soared. But suddenly the plane gave a twirl and then a nose dive. I almost screamed for fright, for I knew it must be one of my old friends. So it was. As the plane alighted in a valley a small, spry man crawled out and I knew at once my dear friend, Charles Ketcham.

The Arab told me that the next would be the last and probably the best of all. I knew at once the rocky hills of India, where I was at that time. Soon, from behind a bend in the road, a man and woman came riding towards me, each on a donkey. I soon knew Blanche and Pud, still together, as in "days of old, when pirates bold," etc. They were missionaries, riding alone on the plains of India. Determined to see them, I paid the Arab well and quickly made plans to do so.

Editorials

THE CASTLE OF THE HEART'S DESIRE

B. P. '23

"By what path would you travel if you wished to find the Castle of Your Heart's Desire?" asked one of three wise and learned men.

"I would take the path of Truth," answered one.

"The path of Goodness is the path that leads to the Castle," declared the other.

"You are both wrong," said the author of the question. "The path of Beauty is the right one."

"You may think you are right, but I think mine is the only way, and I intend to take it," affirmed one.

"And I shall take mine," declared each of the other two.

They started. One followed the path of Truth, another Goodness and the third Beauty. The paths curved. They went over hills, down into valleys and across sandy deserts.

Much to their surprise, the three travelers met on the summit of each hill; leaped over the same precipices; found each other in the same pleasant, peaceful valleys and were thrown together when crossing the sandy desert. Each declared the other two were on his path. None could explain why their paths crossed. But each, thinking that he was on the right path, plodded on towards the Castle of his Heart's Desire.

At last it loomed up in the distance. At last the travelers found themselves inside its doors. Each saw but one door, although no two entered the same.

In the center of the Castle they found a room labeled "Understanding." Each entered not knowing of the presence of the other two until he had entered. Their surprise, upon seeing one another in this room, was great.

"How did you enter?" asked one. "There was only one door and that was labeled 'Beauty.'"

"I entered through the door of 'Truth,'" said one of his companions.

"And I through the door of 'Goodness,'" said the other.

"Look! We are united in this one room, 'Understanding,'" said one of the weary travelers, "and it is the room of 'Understanding,' for it has made me understand."

"There were three paths, but still there was one."

"Weren't we all going to the same place? Didn't we meet the same hardships and the same happiness? Didn't we reach the same heights and the same levels? Weren't we lost out there on the sandy waste together? Friends, Truth, Goodness and Beauty are synonymous, for what is true is good and what is good is beautiful."

How well this traveler put it, but he was not the first one who

had reasoned it out. Keats clearly expressed it when he said: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

A. S. '23

"Nothing succeeds like success." Nothing is enjoyed more than success. For these reasons, I believe we of the Student Body of B. U. H. S. have many reasons for feeling that we have been successful.

The dramatic department has successfully staged one play, and has another started. The Glee Clubs have the operetta checked to their credit, aside from the fact that they have appeared in public several times.

We took a chance and brought in some outside entertainers, who made favorable impressions upon their audiences.

Scholarship has not been ignored, as some high records have been left. Our treasury shows that our finances have been taken care of in a very competent manner.

We have never before been quite as successful in athletics. For the first time in history, we had a championship basketball team. This benefited the school financially, as well as otherwise. Track and baseball are still undecided, but with the grand old spirit of loyalty we can never lose.

All these things have been accomplished only by co-operation of every student in the school. And I believe that every student feels as I do on the subject of school spirit—B. U. H. S. First, Last and Always.

F. W. '23

A hundred years ago a man could rise to a high position by hard work, without the advantage of a high education; but today this has all changed. An uneducated man is greatly handicapped in competing with an educated one. It is next to impossible to enter any of the professions, or even to make a respectable success in business without a bachelor's degree. Nearly all professional schools demand from two to four years of college training before entrance is granted to the applicant; most high schools demand of their teachers a college degree; business men prefer college graduates and the officers' reserve corps especially emphasizes the value of a college education. All of this shows, in a very small way, the value of a college education.

Some high school students believe that when they graduate from high school they will have sufficient education. Never was a greater mistake made than this. The high school is only a stepping-stone leading to higher things.

A college education is valued not only for what is learned in books, but for the training it gives the mind. College trains for leadership, and the world needs leaders. Count over the world

leaders of today and I am sure that you will find that a very high percentage of them have a college education.. Colleges all over the country are recognizing this fact, and are admitting students more on their records and an estimate of the character of the applicant, supplied by the school principal, than by their scholarship record.

During our many pursuits we have noticed about us from time to time, men and women who were failures; failures not because they have not put forth their best efforts, but they have striven toward that one great goal—Success—and yet failed. These are the pitiful cases we see about us everywhere. These conditions exist and will continue to exist for some time to come. When such a state of affairs becomes nonexistent we will have approached the Utopia of our dreams. Let us consider why there are failures. Francis Bacon said: "They are happy whose natures sort with their vocations." How true this is. It is only natural we should strive harder and accomplish more in a work for which we are really fitted.

So, if you would be a success in this world of affairs, take stock of yourself and see in what way you are naturally talented. Then follow the course for which you are suited. After you do this the way will be difficult and full of obstacles, but with determination you will reach that goal.

"SHE-BANG"

Last year there was issued in our school a semi-weekly bulletin called the "She-Bang."

This year we have continued it regularly, doing our best to make it as interesting, and with as much news as possible, and trying to profit by the experiences of the founders of the "She-Bang."

This bulletin has been of unlimited assistance in keeping the records of all our events and activities, saving much work for all the members of the staff in their work on the annual.

We earnestly hope it will be continued by future Student Bodies.

The "She-Bang" has been in charge of the assistant department of the staff for most of the year.

OFFICERS

President ..... Virgil Lehman
Vice-President ..... George Guild
Secretary ..... Mildred Wenger
Treasurer ..... Clarence Hendricks
Class Teacher ..... Miss Conrey

CLASS ROLL

Clare Gilman
George Guild
Clarence Hendricks
Virgil Lehman
Mary Maher
Nettie Pearce
Elsie Rock
Elaine Shideler
Mildred Wenger

"Blast loud the bugle; on with the chase;"
First are the Seniors, leading the race;
Up come the Freshies, gaining full speed;
On rush the Sophies, nearing the lead.
But look! Ah! the Juniors are passing each friend
With swiftness and power, that honors lend.
The time grows short, the spirit is tense;
The race is close in every sense.
Freshies, Sophies and Seniors fine
Are gaining ground; not far from the line.
Gone are the hopes of the fearless and bold,
For the Juniors have won, as records of old.—C. G. '24.

Junior Class History

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE JUNIOR CLASS IN THREE VOLUMES

M. W. '24

Vol. 1. Ancient History:

After our eight years' struggle the population of the kingdom was reduced to seventeen. Nevertheless the remnant was courageous and determined to fight the walls of the high school. The siege was successful and the conquerors entered the city in September, 1920. During the period following they were united in government, their officers being Mildred Wenger, Nettie Pearce, Claire Gilman and Virgil Fox. The country was new and it required a great deal of hard labor. The courts acted as advisors and judge, led by Miss McGregor. Thus the people grew in mind, also in number. They finally gained a foothold in the land and they did make merry in the great halls. But they grew discontented. The walls were small and the boundaries were harassing. The nation grew in strength and decided to move from the old land of Freshman to a better land of Sophomores.

Vol. 2. Mediaeval History:

The new kingdom was organized. Again everyone banded together, this time with Virgil Fox as chief and George Guild and Elaine Shideler as assistants and Miss Fossett as advisory counselor. Soon we did again make merry with song, dance and feast. But the country was not as fruitful as some had expected, and the "wanderlust" took hold of people's spirits and the counselor sent out spies to look for more promising lands. On returning, they told marvelous tales of a Junior realm. The wise men decided to conquer this new place.

Vol. 3. Modern History:

They were again successful and took up their new abode. Although lessened in number, they were stronger in spirit. A complete change of rulers was made and a strong central government was established with Virgil Lehman as president; George Guild, vice-president; Mildred Wenger, secretary, and Clarence Hendricks, treasurer; with Miss Conrey as advising ruler. The yellow rose was adopted as the national flower and the green and gold distinguished them from other tribes. Again they made merry at a festival, to which they invited the other tribes, and delighted in a moonlight wiener bake, to which the head ruler of the Sophomore tribe was their honored guest. During these years the tribe did furnish a goodly number for the teams, and members of the tribe did also participate in debates and plays. Near the close of the year the nation declared a day of feasting and banqueting, to which festival they invited the Senior tribe. As the time drew near for departure to the Senior land they again banded together for the last hard battle.

Sophomore Class History

THE GOOD SHIP SOPHOMORE

D. S. '25

Second Voyage

Captain..... Donald Palmer
Chief Engineer.....Miss Lochridge
First Officer.....Elizabeth Fountain
Second Officer.....Dorothy Stone
Purser ..... Otis Cothran
Pilot ..... Miss Lochridge

List of Cabin Passengers

Mary Bailey
Omar Barker
William Brown
Aileen Bigley
Alphamay Blackburn
Sarah Covington
Jessie Gerdon
Roger Johnson
Stevens Law
Harold Laughlin
Lee McCurdy
Alice Patterson
Sydney Correl
Mildred Rymal
Gertrude Smith
Georgina Titchner
Edward White
Winifred Wood
Leo Wieland

Log of the Voyage

The Good Ship Sophomore steamed from B. U. H. S. pier September 25, at 8:40, with all its flags flying. It was setting out on a voyage of exploration and discovery in the Seas of Scholarship, Athletics and Society.

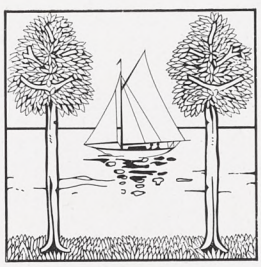
On the 28th of October the Good Ship Sophomore sailed into Jolly Harbor and the passengers had a Hallowe'en party. Their friends from the Good Ships Freshmen, Junior and Senior came aboard for the evening. The guests were invited to the hull of the ship to view the chamber of horrors. Games were played on deck and later the guests were escorted to the dining saloon, where refreshments were served. The guests then departed in motorboats for the shore.

On the seventeenth of November the discoveries and explorations were laid aside for an evening of jollification. The passengers were entertained by Mrs. Barker. The party was a great success and it gave every one renewed vigor in his work of discoveries and explorations.

While in Athletic Harbor, the Good Ships Freshmen, Sophomore, Junior and Senior formed a league and played against the ships Hemet, Beaumont, Riverside and San Jacinto. The Good Ship Sophomore was well represented in boys' and girls' basketball, baseball and soccer.

Many discoveries were made by the crew and passengers in the Sea of Scholarship. For their distinguished work, six in the first semester and nine in the second semester were honored by election to the Scholarship Society of B. U. H. S.

The Good Ship Sophomore will return to the port on June 15th from a happy and successful trip, bringing honors already won and trophies still to be gained in the remaining two years of the voyage.



OFFICERS

President ..... Morey Smith
Vice-President ..... Lolin Ketcham
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Esther Hendricks
Yell Leader ..... Eugene Oliver
Class Teacher ..... Miss Rudkin

CLASS ROLL

William Barrett
Leland Bickham
Frances Bigley
Richard Bramkamp
Marian Brown
Avis Elder
Margaret Erickson
Bernice Felts
Elvin Ferrell
Fred Fortson
Esther Hendricks
Allen Hicks
Morris Johnson
Dorothy Jost
Lolin Ketcham
Geraldine McCarthy
Murl Morris
Eugene Oliver
Tom Pierce
Elliot Pownall
Theodore Reeves
Katherine Richardson
Alva Sanders
Morey Smith
Mary Snowden
Fred Southworth
Albert Urton
Bernice Wood

Freshman Class History

A. E. '26

This merry group of Freshmen entered the Banning Union High School on the twenty-fifth of September, eager and willing to learn the ways and methods of a higher school of education.

At first we came in as strangers to the school, but we were not long in finding friends and making ourselves feel at home and ready to settle down to hard, earnest study. At the end of the first week of school we were called together by Mr. Franklin for the purpose of electing class officers and a class teacher. Morey Smith was elected president, Esther Hendricks treasurer, and Miss Rudkin class teacher. The amount of class dues was decided, and, after giving a few yells in honor of our first organization meeting, we adjourned, feeling that we meant as much in high school and were as independent as any other class.

We are made up of various kinds of students. With our enrollment of thirty-one, we are the largest Freshman class that has ever entered the high school. We have two members who have traveled extensively and tell us of many interesting experiences. Our class is not without a pianist, a drawer and a vocalist. There is not one member who is a draw-back.

The first social function we attended was the "Kid" party given by the upper classes, at which we were duly initiated into high school life. About the middle of October we decided to entertain ourselves with a wiener bake. Although our luck was not the best, we had a good time. It was near Hallowe'en, so we allowed for a little bad luck.

Our class teacher, Miss Rudkin, has come to our rescue a great many times.

Even though we are Freshies, only a few tops and marbles have been seen to fall from the boys' pockets, and only a few girls have been seen eating stick candy or animal cookies at school.

Yes, we were a merry bunch. Almost too merry to settle down to hard work at first, but after a few warnings we began to improve.

We are loyal to our class and to the Student Body, all of which goes to make a good school.

The Alumni

W. G. '22

We, the Alumni of Banning Union High School, extend our heartiest congratulations to the graduating class of nineteen hundred and twenty-three. You, after four long years of earnest and diligent study, have reached a goal worthy of your striving. During this time you have met many obstacles and problems which have seemed far beyond your powers of attainment. However, every member of your class has loyally put his shoulder to the wheel and these difficulties have been overcome with a vim and vigor which might well be emulated by those who follow.

You have entered into your studies, athletics, Student Body duties and various scholastic and social affairs with a good will; therefore, being rewarded with due honors. When your various classmates have become doctors, lawyers, professors or even candidates for the Presidency their faculty of straight-forwardness, gained in high school, will lead them on to victory.

In years to come your school days, filled with good times, hard study and pleasing events, will be a fond memory worth more to you than vast sums. Your favorite schoolmates may be miles away, even in foreign lands, and yet their good natures, familiar sayings and friendship will appear upon thought of some party, game, lesson or play in nineteen hundred and twenty, one, two or three.

A WORD TO THE WISE

M. R. '25

Say, my friend—
Yes, I mean you—
Where do you fit in?

Just stop and think—
You may not play—
But why not help the team
Some way?

What way?
Now, listen:
The game is nearing,
Are you prepared to do the
Cheering?

If not,
Why not?
There's really no excuse.
Just uncork some shouting and
Let it loose.

A Lucky Trip to Sandy Point

FIRST PRIZE STORY

SARAH COVINGTON, '25

Chapter I

The chimes in the tower of the library were striking eight when a man slightly stooped emerged from the shadows of the tall maples bordering the walk and mounted the steps leading to the main door of the building. As he passed under the electroliers which stood at either side of the long marble steps, the roundness of his shoulders was more defined, and under the edge of his soft-brimmed hat a fringe of white hair was visible. He entered the building and the heavy door closed gently behind him.

Amos Stearns, for that was his name, was the much-beloved president of Wester College. To him every student went for advice and encouragement. His serious, but kindly, face seemed to cause perplexities to fade away and his solution in every instance was never questioned.

This evening his face seemed more serious than usual and his figure more stooped as he walked down the main aisle of the library and entered a room on the door of which were the words: "President's Office. Please Walk In."

Fifteen minutes later an automobile came to a stop directly in front of the library. Two young men stepped out and started immediately toward the building. One was tall and of athletic build; the other muscular, but shorter by several inches. The taller one wore a dark suit with a dark cap set squarely on his head; the other, a light grey suit with a red and plaid cap set at a rakish angle. Neither lifted his eyes, nor spoke a word.

The reading room was filled with students when the boys entered. Two girls not far from the door motioned for them to come over.

"Hello, Bob and 'Twid,' where are you going looking like a million dollars?"

Neither of the boys could find a word to say. Finally Bob blurted out:

"Well—by the way, have you girls dates for the next class party?"

"Sorry to say, we have. O, don't look so gloomy about it, Twid. I never saw such an old sober-sides as you are tonight. Grouchy, huh?"

Twid didn't have a chance to answer, for Bob, glancing at the clock, grabbed him by the arm and, remarking about being late for their appointment, the two strode out of sight down the main aisle.

When they entered the president's office they noticed a drawn look on his face. He was sitting at his desk and, without looking at the boys, waved them to a seat. A deep silence fell on the room. Bob sat motionless, but Twid nervously fingered his cap. Finally President Stearns said:

"Well, Albert (Twid was his college nickname), I have taken up this matter with the Board and they are firm in their decision to dismiss you from the college. I asked them to give you another chance, but you know that money affair last year is against you. They refuse you another chance."

Twid swallowed hard.

Bob stepped up to the desk, extended his hand to the president, and said: "President Stearns, we both feel it is for the best. I'll stick by Twid, as I promised Mother before she died, and something gives me a hunch that we will win out yet. We'll go West and begin over again."

Twid, with eyes averted, offered his hand to the president, who, seizing it in both of his, clasped it firmly while neither spoke a word.

Chapter II

One night, as they sat around their campfire counting out their savings, Twid said: "Bob, if the range is as good next year, old Peck says he will take me into partnership. We haven't lost more than a dozen critters this whole season. If you get boosted to chief engineer in the 'Boss' mine I'll say we will be 'livin' easy on pork chops greasy' one of these days."

"Twid, I guess you had better be going into Sandy Point and put our roll in the bank. I don't like the idea of having much cash on hand in these parts."

"Right you are, Bob; let's both go!"

"No, not this time, Twid. Get Buck to go with you. He knows everybody and every cow path in the country. You two go in, put up at the hotel and take in a 'movie.' How does that sound?

"Say, like a dream; don't wake me!"

As the two cowpunchers entered Sandy Point, after a ninety-mile ride across cacti and sand dunes, it seemed like entering the suburbs of a metropolis. The little town of two hundred or so was bustling with tourists. It was noon and Twid and Buck made a bee-line for a restaurant. On the way, as they were passing a ser-

vice station, Twid spied a car with a Wester College pennant tacked across the back. It was piled high with camp equipment, but no occupants were visible. He stopped, hesitating whether to dismount and go over to the car or to ride on, when Buck's emphatically expressed opinion of folks who didn't know enough to eat when they were hungry, especially when they had a chance to dine like white folks, decided the question for him.

They entered the restaurant and took places near the door, in order to watch the traffic pass. A tourist party consisting of a young man, his two sisters and mother, came in and seated themselves in the corner of the room, facing Twid.

"See, I told you, Leonard, that was Twid Rector that rode past that service station. I'll bet you a thousand dollars that is he."

"By gum, Jean, I believe you're right. Nell, you take a look.

"Leonard, you and Jean make me sick. You are always seeing some one you think you know. If he were Twid Rector, what of it? Who is he? You certainly haven't forgotten the 'rep' he had in college?"

Nell, I wouldn't be so keen to remember things about people as you are for anything. Leonard, let's go over to his table and find out."

"Mother, can't you stop those two crazy kids? The idea of renewing acquaintance with Twid Rector!"

But the two were out of their chairs and across the room before "mother" had time to say a word. They stopped facing Twid, who looked up carelessly, but almost at the same instant looked again. The recognition was mutual. Rising, he exclaimed: "Jean and Leonard Lindsey! For the love of Mike, explain yourselves! Are you lost, strayed or stolen?"

"No, guess again. How's old Twid, anyway?" as Leonard gave him a resounding slap on the back, college style.

Oh, Twid, you don't look the least bit grouchy now. I knew you the minuite I saw you back there by the service station. We were across the street mailing some letters and I saw you looking at the pennant on our car."

Twid gripped hard on the edge of the table. "Oh, let me introduce my friend, Buck Sanders—a fellow cowpuncher."

"By the way, where is Bob?" asked Leonard.

"An engineer for the 'Boss' mine, about ninety miles from here. He will surely be glad to hear about you, Leonard."

Jean wanted to ask Twid to come over to their table, but a frigid look from Nell showed the inadvisability of such a wish. When she and Leonard returned to finish their dinner, they were greeted by a conversation between Nell and her mother which ignored Twid completely.

At the conclusion of the meal, Twid came over to tell Leonard of the round-up the last of the week. Nell was painfully formal;

the mother condescending, but Jean was hilarious at the idea of waiting over for the event.

In the meantime they would go to the mine to see Bob.

Chapter III

The evening of the day of the round-up was perfect. The moonlight spread a yellowish white glow over the desert. The gentle swish of the wind through the sage brush seemed to pass over the group seated around the campfire, leaving in its wake utter silence and quietude.

Bob had come over from the mine to spend the evening. The boys of the camp were sitting about smoking and thoroughly enjoying the enthusiasm of Jean and her brother.

"I know I have the lure of the desert upon me," Jean exclaimed. "This is the most fascinating country I ever saw."

"Nell, what do you think of it?" asked her brother, who already had detected a change in her attitude.

"Would you be surprised if I should tell you I feel just as Jean does?"

"Mother, you look tired," said Leonard, "don't you think we had better fix up our beds and turn in?"

"That's right," exclaimed Bob, "for I want you folks to come over to the mine for breakfast. A ten-mile ride will give you a sharp appetite. We've some cook over there, but he calls us promptly at six o'clock, and if we don't show up on the dot we don't "ketch 'em eats." Chang's word is law in the kitchen."

"Oh, Bob, I have an idea!"

"Why, Jean, I am surprised!"

"You ride over with the folks in the car, Bob, and let me ride over on your horse."

"Well, I don't know about that Jean, Pinto might object to having a woman ride him."

"Go ahead, Jean, I'll see to that," said Twid. "I'll keep you company on Duke. There's no danger."

The ride across the desert, which began before sun-up, was like a refreshing beverage to Jean.

"Twid, this is exactly my idea of the Great West."

"Jean, I'd rather hear you say that than anything else in the world, with one exception. Let's talk of old times, Jean. Has the old college changed much since I saw it last?"

Oh, yes, you would hardly know it. The new buildings make such a difference. And, O, yes, I wanted to tell you last night, but forgot to. You remember John Watson, the college favorite? He was expelled the next year after you left, for stealing some class funds. Why, Twid, what makes you look so? Are you ill?"

Twid almost swayed in his saddle; his jaws were set hard and for several seconds he maintained a stony stare.

"Jean, that fellow was the cause of my trouble. Didn't you know I was expelled because I wouldn't squeal on him? He let me

shoulder the blame. I am not saying that I had any business to be so thick with him and his gang, but I didn't take money that didn't belong to me."

"Why, Twid, I never heard that you were expelled, but I did hear there was something mysterious about you and Bob leaving so suddenly."

"Well, it was an awful experience, Jean, but it has made a man of me. Look behind you, Jean, at that view. Isn't that some picture?"

"Twid, I can hardly believe my eyes. Look at that wonderful glow on those hills; those purples and pinks and browns. I could stand here all day."

"So you honestly think you like the desert, Jean?"

"I don't think I do, but I am sure I do!"

"Do you like all that goes with it; some of its people, too?"

"Indeed, I do, Twid! I like 'some' of its people better than anybody else in this whole, wide world."

"Jean, my girl!"

Sharpshooting Positiveness

SECOND PRIZE STORY

G. T. '25

The large department store of Rook and Bros. was filled with a busy, hurrying throng of people, come to share the bargains of the clearance sale.

Mrs. Clark sat on a high stool near the entrance watching the people as they hurried to and fro. It was her duty to see that no rough children came in from the streets just to look around, and to see that no unnecessary confusion was started in the crowd. Among the multitude that constantly poured in from the street she noticed a well-dressed young man about thirty years old. He was tall and dark with a pleasant, clean-shaven face. He walked a few steps forward, stopped, and, turning around, looked down at the floor. He had evidently stepped upon something which attracted his attention. He picked it up, looked at it, and put it into his pocket.

A whistle was blown to attract the attention of the people and one of the floor-walkers stepped upon the platform to announce that, while passing through the store, Mr. Harman, the proprietor, had dropped a black leather wallet containing ten one-hundred-dollar bills. A reward was offered for the return of the wallet and bills to the office in the store. Everyone immediately became interested in the search for the lost article. Mrs. Clark at once thought of the young man. She hurried to the office and told the proprietor what she knew of the affair, saying she was sure he had picked up the wallet. At noon, Mrs. Clark went to the park across the street

from the store to eat her lunch. While looking for a cool place, she noticed a young man who looked strangely familiar sitting on a bench. As she drew nearer she recognized him as the party she had seen in the store earlier in the day, and the one she thought had picked up the lost wallet. She went at once to report to the house detective and brought him back with her to identify the man. The detective shadowed him and soon learned that he was Jack Gibson, the wealthy young banker, whose name appeared so often in New York society papers.

Mrs. Clark was in the proprietor's office when the detective came in to report. When he had finished, Mr. Harman held up his hands in surprise and exclaimed: "Jack Gibson! Why he is an acquaintance of mine, and one of the city's most promising young business men. I'm sure he would have returned the wallet if he had found it. Surely you are mistaken, Mrs. Clark."

"No," she insisted, "I am sure he picked up the wallet, and I remember now that he acted rather queerly after picking it up. No, Mr. Harman, there is absolutely no mistake about it, I am positive he picked up the wallet."

Jack was sent for and soon appeared at the office. When Mr. Harman had explained to him why he was asked to come to the office, he was asked to speak for himself. Jack explained that he had picked up a small, black diary with the name "Miss Alicia Donnell" inscribed on it and had put an ad in the paper. Soon afterward Miss Donnell came to his apartments and claimed her property. He knew nothing of her only that she was a tourist passing through the city on her way to the East. Mr. Harman was satisfied with Jack's story and tried to convince Mrs. Clark that she was mistaken, but she stubbornly insisted that she was sure he had picked up the wallet and that his story was only an excuse which he had made up in order to clear himself. Wherever Mrs. Clark went she told the story in her way, and, of course, added more to it each time. It was not long before it reached a newspaper reporter, who wrote up a most scandalizing report, using the gossip he had heard for part of it and his own imagination for the remainder. When the paper came out with this scandal printed in large headlines on the front page, the whole town buzzed with the news. After reading the article, Jack rushed from his home, and, seeking an interview with his many acquaintances, endeavored to explain to them the incident as it happened. Every one listened, but turned away with a smile on his face. For three days he continued to make desperate explanations, but was always met with the same sympathetic, but disbelieving, smile.

At last, nearly frantic, he decided to leave town for awhile, hoping that during his absence the awful story would be forgotten. But on his return three months later he found people still remembering, only now it had grown worse, because they had attributed his departure to a guilty conscience and the fear of having to stay and face people after his shameful deed. He still explained that it

was not a wallet he had picked up, but only a lady's diary. Again his explanations were useless. At last, disheartened and discouraged, he fell ill and was destined to remain in bed indefinitely.

One evening, when he was feeling worse than usual and the doctor had just predicted that the end was near, an old friend called. He was shown into the sick man's room. Jack, upon seeing him, with an effort raised himself from the pillow, but was so weak he fell back exhausted. He called his visitor to his side and gasped out in broken sentences: "Large department store..... lost wallet.....tell people.....it was a diary." He then closed his eyes for the last time and left worry far behind him.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Harman was sitting at his desk looking out on the busy street, when suddenly the door was thrown open and something was hurled upon his desk. He looked at it in amazement, for it was the wallet he had lost several months ago. Before him stood his old enemy, Mr. Stone. Without explaining his presence or giving any word of greeting, Mr. Stone plunged into the story he had come to tell.

"Mr. Harman," he said, "I suppose you remember as well as I do the time you cheated me out of that house and lot. I said I would get even, and I will, but not by keeping your dirty money that you got by swindling other people. I saw you drop that wallet just outside the door on the sidewalk, but instead of telling you I decided to pick it up and keep it. Now I have changed my mind. Instead of keeping your money I will get even with you some other way and real soon, too."

He turned and left the room, slamming the door after him, before Mr. Harman hardly had time to get his breath from the first shock of seeing the wallet.

Does Education Pay?

C. G. '24

"Does an Education Pay?" is a great question that has often been asked and which always will be discussed. Especially is that question heard during the present time. Humanity has progressed so greatly within the last century that some main object must be outstanding in this fact—and that is EDUCATION. Our school system has improved a hundred fold since the days of our late ancestors. Surely the mere fact of its improving must show that it is of benefit to every one concerned.

There are, of course, obstacles to many in obtaining a higher education beyond that which is compulsory. Health, financial and other reasons are often in the pathway of progress. But, if possible, these should be overcome, even if it requires years, and one

should resolve to reach the goal some itme. Lincoln, the man of the ages, has shown us what can be done with a large amount of backbone, perseverance and a good will.

Many other men of past and present prominence have worked up from a chore boy to an honorable and well-worth-while position.

And, again, one need not necessarily go on to a college to obtain an advanced knowledge of his trade or calling. This question often arises and is argued and debated over, and even settled at times. Ambition and the willingness to strive for knowledge, while working, produces a keenness for solving problems which are met. Many men today who have well-established business interests have not gone farther than the eighth grade. But, does that fact prove that these men could not have progressed still farther with an advanced education? Surely not, and if one of these men were starting his school life over again he would undoubtedly go much farther with his education than before, because he would know—It Pays!

The months and years of study seem endless; indeed, at times, even worthless to some. Some students, whether for selfish or home reasons, drop out of school, intending to secure good positions and win in the long run. The making of one's own money looms up very greatly. Soon the boy with the education finishes school and secures a position, maybe below that of the other boy. But he does not stay there, if he is intending to make use of his previous labor at school. Better positions are offered, advances are made, and soon the boy with the education is at the goal, while the lad without an education is still at his old job, unable to make progress. This instance happens time and again, and yet we hear over and over again—"Does an Education Pay?"

WHAT GOES AGAINST MY GRAIN

(The Tale of a Donkey)

D. B. '26

Now—the first thing that goes against my grain is—WORK!!!! Oh, how I hate it! One morning I woke Dick up, telling him how hungry I was, little suspecting how he was going to work me that day, or I would have kept quiet.

The clock was just striking six when Dick appeared. He watered me and went into the house to get his breakfast, where he ate enough stuff to feed me and all my relations, leaving me some greasy excelsior and a Saturday Evening Post. I enjoyed the latter a great deal.

He then hitched me up to that famous "Phaeton," and I shall never forget the trip we made to get it, and we then went up to the high school to get Dr. Pope. Then they made me haul them out to that horrid junk heap, and, let me tell you, they were heavy.

And, after all that, they made me stand in that blazing sun

while they gathered up several tons of scrap iron (wheels, bars, etc). Say, that sure goes against my grain! When they started for home I balked on them, but it wasn't any use, as they began to beat me with a broom handle until I thought it was best to go on.

And, on reaching home, instead of turning me loose on a bag of grain, like I deserved, he staked me out in the church yard. I got mad and bawled out hymns till the moon came up at the end of a perfect, or, rather, an imperfect day.

A RECIPE FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

2 lbs. of Algebra or Geometry;
4 lbs. English;
2 cups of Spanish or Latin;
4 cups of Athletics;
1 teaspoonful General Science or Chemistry.

Sift and measure Ancient History or Chemistry; English and General Science alternately. Fold in the Spanish and Athletics, and pour into a well-prepared head. Put into a good school and let brown with knowledge. Serve daily.

A Junior's Lament

FIRST PRIZE POEM

M. W. '24

We Juniors are always abused!
Of things unseemly accused!
They say we can not make a favorable pose,
Because our ignorance we always disclose,
(And that's ungrammatical verse, I suppose);
But we Juniors are always abused!

We Juniors are always abused!
By the teachers we're more than ill used!
We're not very bad, but we're far, far from good;
And we're told we behave not at all as we should,
And by the teachers we're misunderstood;
That's why we Juniors are always abused!

We Juniors are always abused!
And we know not why we're accused!
We've tried all remedies folks recommend;
We've taken lectures and advice without end;
From any more scoldings, heaven forfend!
Yet, we Juniors are always abused!

We Juniors are always abused!
And all our intellect's used!
Our work is a task we can not get through;
We don't care what teachers say or do;
We just want to cease being abused—
Just so we can cease being abused!

Cacti

SECOND PRIZE POEM

L. W. '25

They stand supreme on top of the world;
Mighty monuments to the seeds of their birth
That by the winds were tossed and whirled,
Ere crowning with glory their Mother Earth.

Oh, their growth by months and days is slow;
They were even old in an age gone by—
Yes, it takes them years and years to grow,
But it takes them as long to die.

Student Body Organization

A. S. '23

Although we had a small amount of money in our treasury at the beginning of the year, we were able to go ahead and accomplish a number of things. I believe we have accomplished more than any other class. We have been very successful, financially and socially. Our parties and entertainments have been well attended. Because our plays have been well attended, we have been able to do several thingh that would have been impossible otherwise.

The boys of the Student Body covered themselves with glory when they volunteered to remodel the tin barn and make a dressing room; and also when they pulled out the trees on the high school ground, so we could have a track field. If the work is continued next year, and I think it will be, Banning will have the best track and ball field in Riverside county.

Our athletic teams have been far superior to any of the preceding teams. Our championship basketball team proved to us that our boys are always ready to work and play hard for B. U. H. S. We hope to turn out a winning baseball team and we want our boys to look well, so we have purchased twelve new ball suits.

The Council drew some resolutions providing for the expenditure of $25.00 for the Junior-Senior banquet.

$25.00 for some worthy cause.

$10.00 for student representative at the scholarship convention.

All the things I have mentioned have been accomplished by co-operation of every member of the Student Body. I wish to take this time to thank every one who has helped us in any way, and hope that the public will always be as ready to back the Student Body as they have been this year.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

President ..... Adam Smith
First Vice-President ..... Clare Gilman
Second Vice-President ..... Charles Ketcham
Third Vice-President ..... Grant Wood
Secretary ..... Hazel Laughlin
Treasurer ..... Frederic Wing
Sophomore Member-at-Large ..... Donald Palmer
Freshman Member-at-Large ..... Morey Smith
Faculty Advisor ..... E. C. Franklin

The Scholarship Society

H. L. '23

The Scholarship Society is not an old item in our Student Body activities. Banning became a member of the California Scholarship Federation last year and is now a full-fledged society with a number of members. Our constitution has been accepted and the society is going "full swing."

This society is for the purpose of encouraging greater effort in the line of scholarship. Points are given according to the grades received, a certain number in one semester being necessary to be a member the following one. If one has been a member six semesters out of the eight, he is entitled to a scholarship pin and a seal on his diploma. This is a definite goal for each student to strive for, and many are trying harder.

Officers For the First Semester

Charles Bigley	President
Blanche Phillips	Secretary
George Guild	Treasurer
Miss Lochridge	Faculty Representative

Members For the First Semester

Nettie Pearce	George Guild	Donald Palmer
Charles Bigley	Elizabeth Fountain	Jack Pritchett
Hazel Laughlin	Jessie Gerdon	Mildred Rymal
Blanche Phillips	Lee McCurdy	

Officers For the Second Semester

Charles Ketcham	President
Hazel Laughlin	Secretary
Donald Palmer	Treasurer
Miss Lochridge	Faculty Representative

Members For the Second Semester

Blanche Phillips	Elsie Rock	Lee McCurdy
Charles Ketcham	Nettie Pearce	Jack Pritchett
Frederic Wing	William Brown	Sarah Covington
Hazel Laughlin	Jessie Gerdon	Dorothy Stone
Mary Maher	Otis Cothran	Donald Palmer
Lolin Ketcham	Katherine Richardson	Mildred Rymal
Morey Smith		Elliot Pownall

Glee Clubs

Under the supervision of Mrs. A. W. Hazen, the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs have had the most successful year in the history of the Student Body. They have taken part in practically all of our entertainments. Although there was not a boys' club last year, they have covered themselves with glory in everything they have undertaken this year. The operetta and cantata are the outstanding examples of the excellent work of these organizations.

Debating

C. K. '23
D. P. '25

At the first meeting of the Riverside County Debating League, three schools, Beaumont, Hemet and Banning, expressed a desire to debate. It was decided to have two series, having three persons on each team. January fourteenth the question to be debated was: "Resolved: That Congress should pass the Towner-Sterling Bill." Banning upheld the negative side at Beaumont, and was represented by Ernest Hemmerling, Mary Maher and Robert Mackey. Banning's affirmative team, represented by Donald Palmer, Mildred Wenger and Charles Ketcham, opposed the negative team from Hemet. We took a two-to-one decision at Beaumont, but lost to Hemet by a two-to-one vote of the judges.

A debate that same evening between Beaumont and Hemet was decided in Hemet's favor by a two-to-one vote.

February sixteenth, the question debated was: "Resolved: That California should adopt a system of Compulsory Health Insurance."

Banning's negative team, represented by Elsa Houda, Donald Palmer and William Brown, won a unanimous vote of the judges at Hemet. But the affirmative team, represented by Grant Wood, Dorothy Lindley and Ernest Hemmerling, lost all three votes to Beaumont.

The result of the debates was the awarding of the pennant to Beaumont, since they had won the greatest number of judges' votes. The votes stood eight for Beaumont; five for Banning and five for Hemet.

Miss Lochridge, our coach, deserves much credit for the help and backing she gave the teams.

C. of C. Banquet

The Student Body, at the request of the Chamber of Commerce, served a banquet to the members of the latter organization in the high school auditorium on the evening of February 9th. About two hundred and fifteen people were served, and the Student Body was congratulated upon the excellent carrying out of the affair. The boys, dressed as French waiters, did the serving. The girls took care of the cooking. Mr. Franklin engineered the work. This banquet was one of the main factors in the support of our year's finances.

Home Economics

"BERT" '23

The domestic science classes are marching right along with their work. Almost all of the girls have made a middy suit, petticoat, "undies" and a dress.

There are some real cooks in the classes, too, as was shown at the banquets.

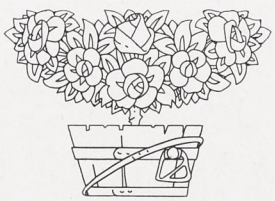
They have had a great deal of co-operation in their work, which was proved when they prepared the Chamber of Commerce banquet.

The classes have completed almost all of the work required of them for the year, and when the curtain is drawn on the school year every part of the work will be up to date.

Manual Training

The manual training class has been very busy this year. They have been working on the boys' dressing room—something new and different from other years of training. Under the instruction of Dr. Pope, the boys have learned to make and repair many useful things. At present, the class is busy on the health boxes for the community welfare, and is soon to aid in the new museum.

The shop is equipped with all modern conveniences and the work in this section of high school education is greatly enjoyed by the students.



Forensic

We accept in true sportsman-like manner the decisions rendered by the judges. The short story, "A Lucky Trip to Sandy Point," which appears in the literary department of this book, was given fourth place. The essay, "The Pursuit of Happiness," written by Mildren Wenger, was given third place. We are proud of our girls, from the standpoint of the content and delivery of their productions. The declamation was given by Elvin Ferrell, a member of the Freshman class. An address by Theodore Roosevelt, entitled, "Our Responsibilities as a Nation," was selected for the occasion. Elvin's clean-cut, precise enunciation was a credit to him. The judges gave him sixth place. Frederic Wing chose as the subject for his oration, "Our Treatment of the Indian." Although his memory failed him at one point, he recovered himself nobly and finished his oration in a very creditable manner. Corona retains possession of the cup; Coachella ranks second; Perris, third; and Banning fourth.

Don't think for a minute that we feel discouraged. We will bide our time; for we know "the day will come."

School Song

L. D. '24

(Tune: "I Love You, California.")

I love you, Banning High School,
You're the grandest school of all;
I love you, Banning High School,
I shall ever heed your call.
I love your noble standards,
Your ideals, your princely lore;
I love your stately building,
And each day I love you more.

Chorus

Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra—
Where the Green and the White wave together,
Keeping watch over Banning High,
It is there I would be, in the one school for me,
Which I'm bound to by every tie;
On the Stage, in the school, in the class rooms,
True school spirit all can see;
And wherever I am, my devotion will be
With my glorious Banning High School.

SOCIETY

Seniors Entertain Faculty

It was just the kind of night for a "weenie" bake when the Seniors entertained the faculty at the home of Mrs. Fred Hazen.

When all the guests had assembled we went into the canyon back of the Hazen ranch. A log fire burned brightly in the open fireplace, and Japanese lanterns were hanging in the trees.

After eating "hot dog" sandwiches, wafers and toasted marshmallows, we returned to the house and spent the rest of the evening in music and games.

Although Miss Reynolds was a little afraid of the mountain drive, everything went smoothly and we felt well repaid for our trip.

"Kid" Party

For the purpose of getting acquainted and having a good time, the Student Body gave their annual "Kid" party on the evening of the 29th of September.

Every one came dressed as a "kid," and most every one acted the part, too. The girls of the upper classes took the Frosh girls and braided and tied their hair "kid" fashion. Then each one was given an all-day sucker.

After the games the students proved they could eat with as much vivacity as they could yell.

When the party broke up every one felt that the Freshmen were well initiated into the Student Body.

The Sophomore Party

October 27, 1922, the Sophomore class entertained the Student Body and the Faculty of the high school in the evening.

When the guests arrived they were treated to apple cider; then the fortune-teller predicted the fates of all. After a series of games refreshments were served.

The party then broke up with three "rahs" for the Sophomores.

Hi Jinks

The girls gave their annual Hi Jinks on the evening of November 10, 1922. All the mothers were invited to this. The girls were masked, and there were persons dressed to represent the different

countries. Each class had to give a stunt, and then the mothers consented to perform for us. Then, after playing games, refreshments were served and our guests departed. Even though the boys weren't invited, some of them couldn't stay away, but, after receiving a bucket of H2O, they fled in every direction. Better luck next time, boys.

Seniors Entertain Basketball Teams

A. B. '23

One evening, the Seniors entertained the basketball teams at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin. The evening was spent in playing flinch, checkers and rook. Mr. Franklin is the "bees-knees" in playing checkers, for no one could beat him. Refreshments were served and the party broke up.

Another time the Seniors entertained the basketball team at "Red's (Grant Wood). The evening was spent in playing games and making as much noise as possible. After the "eats" the "gang" left for their homes.

Reception

On the evening of December 15th the assembly hall put on its Christmas attire in honor of the parents and friends of the students.

Adam Smith, Student Body president, stated, in a few words, that every one was to meet and become better acquainted with every one else present. A short program had been purposely arranged in order to leave plenty of time for informal visiting.

Santa Claus came down the fireplace and distributed gifts from the pretty tree, which the Freshman class had decorated for us. A little later sandwiches and hot chocolate were served, after which our guests renewed their informal visiting.

The party came to an end at ten o'clock and we feel sure every one pronounced it a pleasant affair.

Juniors Entertain Seniors

Because the Juniors lost in the ticket selling contest they had to give a party for the Seniors; so on the evening of the nineteenth of January they entertained the class of '23 in the Baptist church basement.

The first part of the evening was spent playing games.

An interesting feature of the evening was the Baby Contest. Grant Wood says what makes him admire a mother's love and marvel at it is a photo of himself taken at the age of eleven or twelve.

About ten o'clock refreshments were served; after which fifteen "rahs" were given for the Juniors and the merry-makers wended their way home.

"Dads'" Night

On the evening of January seventh, the boys gave a banquet for their fathers. There were musical numbers by the Glee Club, speeches, and last, but not least, a boxing match. The boys appreciate their fathers spending an evening at high school with them, and, if plans materialize, Dads' Banquet will occupy a conspicuous place in the social calendar of the next year.

"Hard-Time" Party

A. B. '23

On the evening of February 2, the Juniors entertained the Student Body with a "Hard-Time" party. Every one was dressed to suit the occasion. After all the guests had arrived at Hickville, the merry-making began. The Juniors gave a very clever play, with Wesley Duman as leading lady and "Babe" Wenger as the leading man. They sang a few songs and finally, after games, refreshments were served and the party broke up with many congratulations to the Juniors for their ability in entertaining.

Senior Party

E. S. '24

On the evening of March 16th the Student Body was again entertained, this time by the Seniors. The whole Student Body had been looking forward to this event for some time, because our curiosity had been aroused by the committee, who informed us we were to be taken on a long trip on the steam railway. Several students from Palm Springs came to join the list of passengers. When we met at the station, we checked our coats and baggage and bought our tickets. As the train pulled in, there were many goodbyes and farewells shouted back to friends. Every one was made comfortable, through the kindness of the conductor and porter. Telegrams were received by several, each of which had to be read aloud. A mock wedding was solemnized at Reno, but later on in our journey the whole train was somewhat saddened by the arrest and conviction of E. C. Franklin, one of our esteemed companions. The train was stopped, then and there, and justice was rendered by a court and jury. This serious episode ended, we continued on our journey. It was not long before the travelers began to feel tired and hungry, so the conductor stopped the train at a Harvey Eating House, where we had delicious refreshments.

We were served with chicken salad, sandwiches, cake and ice cream. The return trip, which began at this point, was pleasant, but uneventful. We gave a few lusty yells for our hosts and when the train pulled into the station we left for our various homes feeling deeply indebted for a very pleasant trip.

Junior-Senior Banquet

The Junior-Senior banquet promises to be one of the pleasant events of the season. We know it will be something worth waiting for.

Freshie Picnic

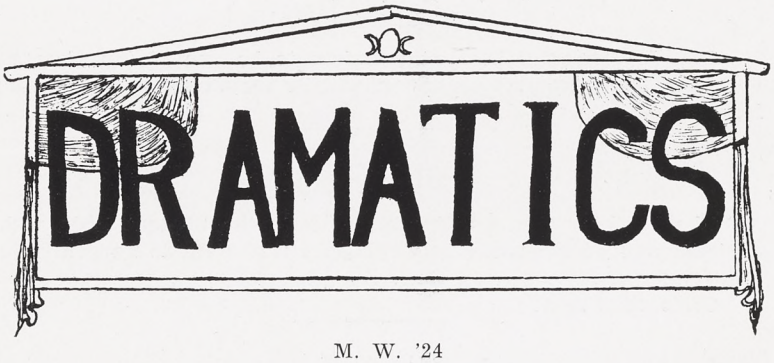
The Freshies (per usual) will entertain the Student Body with a picnic, and we are patiently waiting for this event to happen. We know we will have a good time.

Come on, Frosh!

SUNSET

Katherine Richardson '26

Day is dying in the west, the sun is almost set, and the clouds that hang low on the horizon are flushed with pink. The mountains are ripples of gold and black. The snow on their peaks is a creamy-pink mass, and as the sun sinks lower and lower the mountains and valleys grow darker and darker until the mantle of the on-coming night is gently spread over all things. Slowly and silently, one by one, the stars come out and the half moon hangs low in the west. The day is done and night, beautiful, quiet night brings peace and rest.



M. W. '24

Much time has been spent on dramatics this year by the students of Banning Union High School, and we feel justly repaid by the enthusiasm with which their various attempts have been received by the public and by the ample funds taken in, which enabled us to buy Student Body equipment.

Mr. Bob

The first dramatic production was "Mr. Bob," which was presented at the high school auditorium on December 8th and 9th. This comedy, in two acts, was wisely picked and the cast played up their parts well. There were no slow moments during the evening. The story centers around the plans of Miss Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady, who wishes to establish a home for destitute cats. Her nephew and niece object to the idea, but they compromise by the nephew's agreeing to give up boat racing if the aunt gives up cats. Then the fun begins. Patty, the maid, in an effort to play a trick on the butler, places two cats in a grip which other members of the cast mistake for their own. "Mr. Bob," a young lady, is mistaken for a man and the laugh which involves the entire cast keeps the audience in an uproar until the curtain descends.

Cast of characters:

Phillip Royser	Frederic Wing
Robert Brown	Donald Palmer
Jenkins (the butler)	Lee McCurdy
Rebecca Luke	Blanche Phillips
Katherine Rogers (her niece)	Nettie Pearce
Marian Bryant	Jessie Gerdon
Patty (the maid)	Elizabeth Fountain

Much of the success of the play was due to Miss Reynolds, who coached the characters.

Operetta

Never before in the history of B. U. H. S. have the Glee Clubs been in such a flourishing condition, and full proof of their ability was the operetta, "The Gypsy Rover," presented on the 23rd of February.

The scenery, painted by the Perris art teacher, was decidedly artistic and produced the atmosphere of a real Gypsy camp.

The charming, many-colored costumes of the Gypsy maidens and gallant men, and colored lights presented a pleasing picture. The operetta was in three acts and was built around the character of Rob, later known as Sir Gilbert Howe, of English nobility, who had been stolen when an infant by his nurse, Meg, and had grown to manhood among the Gypsies. One day he met Lady Constance of Martendale while she was in the forest with her fiance, Lord Craven. It was a case of love at first sight. The discomfiture of Lord Craven was highly amusing.

In act II Rob goes to the home of Constance, is captured by her father, Sir Geo. Martindale, and thrown into prison. He escapes later and Meg relates the story of the stolen child. His nobility is not doubted, and when he wins honors as a composer of music he and Constance "live happily ever after." The curtain was drawn amid much applause. It is hard to tell who made the greatest "hit," Lord Craven or Rob or Constance, just before the curtain fell in the last act. Too much credit can not be given Mrs. Hazen, who directed the whole affair.

The cast:

Meg (Rob's foster mother).....Elsie Houda
Zara (belle of Gypsy camp).....Marian Brown
Marto (Meg's husband).....Donald Palmer
Sinfo (Gypsy lad in love with Zara).....Theo. Reeves
Rob (the Gypsy rover).....George Guild

The Trysting Place

The Public Speaking Class, under the able leadership of Miss Lochridge, ventured into an entirely new field this year and successfully put on a one-act play written by Booth Tarkington. It was presented the evening of March 23rd, and no admission was charged.

"The Trysting Place," is the story of a wealthy family, including Mrs. Briggs, her daughter and her seventeen-year-old son, who imagines he is in love with a young widow, much too old for him, and who they believe is after him for his money. How the widow tries to rid herself of the gallant youth in order to meet her own fiance and how friend mamma and sister try to get rid of each

other so they can meet their respective suitors, make the plot a clever and hilariously funny one.

Several musical selections also added to the evening's entertainment. The cast included:

Mrs. Briggs.....Dorothy Stone
Jessie (her daughter).....Mildred Wenger
Lancelot (her son).....Charles Ketcham
Mrs. Curtis.....Mary Maher
Rupert Smith.....Lee McCurdy
Mr. Inglesby.....Ernest Hemmerling
Mysterious Voice.....Donald Palmer

The parts were exceptionally well taken and the play was one of the best ever given in B. U. H. S. The class repeated the play on April 6 at the Woman's Club House, as a benefit.

Senior Play

"MONEY AND MANNERS"

Through the kindness of the author, Lieutenant Commander Edward McIntyre, a visitor in Banning, the Senior class has the distinction of presenting a play which is not published. It is in four acts, strictly modern, and filled with clever situations. Miss Lochridge will direct the presentations, which are to be on May 31st and June 1st.

The cast of characters:

John Roberts.....Ernest Hemmerling
Isabelle Chapin.....Alberta Brandt
Mr. Chapin (her father).....Elden Brown
Mrs. Douglas (her aunt).....Elsie Houda
Elyse (her maid).....Rena White
Meadows (Chapin's butler—afterwards Robert's valet).....Frederic Wing
Enid Phelps (a New York society woman).....Blanche Phillips
Alice West (a New York society girl).....Hazel Laughlin
Arthur Taylor (private secretary to Roberts).....Charles Ketcham
Van Fleet (a New York society man).....Adam Smith
Quong (a Chinese cook).....Grant Wood
Bill (a stage driver).....Charles Bigley
Second Stage Driver.....Robert Mackey
Frank (a servant).....Delemar Mahaffey

E. C. FRANKLIN, COACH
H. GRANT WOOD, MGR.

Basketball

For the first time in our athletic history, we have had a lightweight basketball team. This team belongs to the class in which a boy can not weigh over 130 pounds to be a member of the team. Of course, our unlimited team has been continued. The lightweight team is in no sense a second team, but plays other lightweight teams for a lightweight pennant.

We feel especially proud of our lightweight record, as most of the boys on this team were playing for the first time. They took third place in the league.

On October 20th we played our first league games at Elsinore. Both the heavy (unlimited) and lightweight teams were unfortunate in losing to our opponents, 20-19 for the heavies and 34-6 for the lights.

Tuesday, Octber 31, we played our second league game with Perris. This time the teams brought home the bacon. Our lightweight team revenged themselves and won 30-14. The heavyweight team showed what they could do and left Perris with the little end of the score of 25-14. Hemet came next, the hardest team we had to go up against.

Friday, November 3, we played our third league game with Hemet, on our own grounds. The lightweights, though they showed excellent fighting spirit, were unfortunate and lost the game to Hemet by the score of 30-10. The heavyweights were out for blood. Both teams were evenly matched, neither being able to keep ahead for any great length of time in the first half. In the second, however, we got the edge on them and kept it throughout the remainder of the game. We won by the score of 17-14. It was a hard-fought game by both teams.

Basketball Champions Riverside County Athletic League

Friday, November 10, we went to Beaumont for our fourth league game. It was raining, and so we played in the mud. On account of this handicap it was hard to catch the ball or keep our footing. Our boys fought hard and, with everyone covered with mud, the final score was 17-14 in our favor.

The lightweight team played Beaumont on November 11. From the first Beaumont had the lead on them, but in the second half Banning began to catch up, failing only by three points to tie the score. The final score was 17-14, in Beaumont's favor.

Friday, November 17, we journeyed to San Jacinto to play our last league game. Members of the team had made up their minds to win this game. San Jacinto, up to this time, had lost several games, but only by small margins, so we went over there prepared for a hard game. It was a fast one, and we came out on the big end of a 52-8 score. The lightweights won 27-8. This made us tied with Hemet for the championship of the county.

Banning met Hemet Tuesday, November 28, at the "Y" court in Riverside, defeating them by a score of 13-9, thus winning the championship of the Riverside County League. The game was fast from the first whistle to the last. Banning immediately took the lead, holding Hemet scoreless the first quarter, and securing five points for themselves. However, during the second quarter our opponents made four points, while Banning made only one. The third quarter Hemet scored five points, and Banning netted four. Then, in the fourth quarter, Banning rallied, putting across three points, while the enemy made not a point, due to the Smith Hendricks impenetrable defense.

Tuesday, February 21, we went to San Bernardino to play our first game in the C. I. F. The game was called for 7:30 p. m. San Bernardino high school has an enrollment of about 1,100 students, so we did not expect to win, but intended to give them a good fight. They got it, though the score does not show it. The only reason they defeated us was that their basket throwing was more accurate than ours. When the game ended the score was 32-8, in favor of San Bernardino.

Basketball Line-Up

Lightweights	Unlimited
Grant Wood, Captain	A. Smith, Captain
J. Lovelace	E. Szuggas
M. Smith	E. Brown
D. Palmer	A. Urton
J. Pritchett	C. Bigley
A. Saunders	C. Hendricks
J. Frost	R. Johnson
T. Reeves	E. Oliver
	E. Hemmerling

Track

D. P. '25

Rainy weather during a large part of the track season was partly responsible for the small number that turned out and prevented steady training.

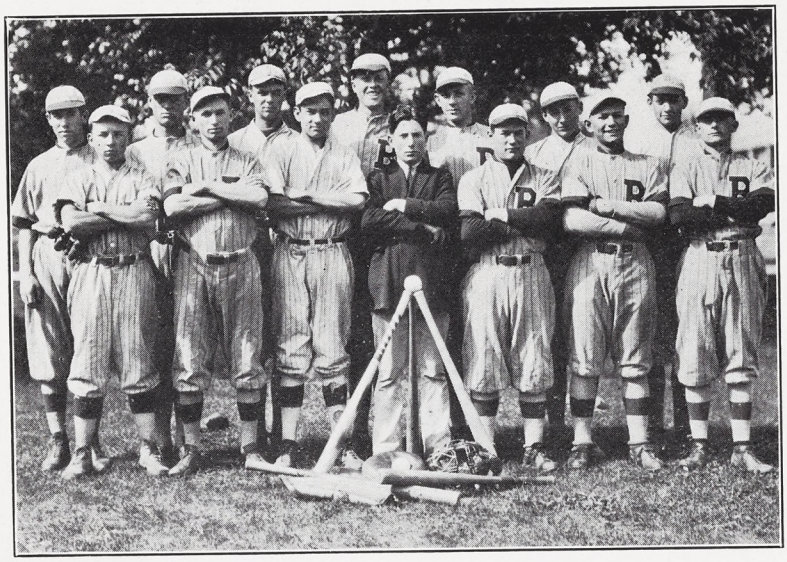
A practice meet was held in Beaumont in which Banning, San Jacinto and Beaumont participated. Emil Szuggas, the Banning captain, was high point winner of the day, having a total of three first places.

The county meet was staged at Hemet, March 17. Emil Szuggas, Eugene Oliver, Ernest Hemmerling and Donald Palmer were Banning's representatives. Banning took fourth place in the meet, making a total of fifteen points, of which Szuggas earned twelve. The relay team took third place.

Baseball

Friday, April 6, we went to Perris for the first game of the season. We had lost Virgil Fox, our short-stop, and Albert Urton had stepped into his shoes. We did not know how well he could play, but he soon showed us that he would be all right. The team went into the game to win, and at the end of the ninth inning it was 26-9, in our favor.

On account of rain, Elsinore did not come over to play on Fri-



day, but came the following Tuesday, April 17. This was our hardest game, but luck was not with us and the visitors took home the big end of a 16-6 score. So went our second game.

Friday, April 20, we went to Hemet to play the third league game. At the first we took the lead and when the game was ended the score was 6-2 in our favor.

Friday, April 27, Beaumont came here to play. We expected it to be a close game, but it turned out that they defeated us to the tune of 17-7. All hopes for the championship went with this game.

Thursday, May 3, we played our last league game with San Jacinto. It was a merry-go-round for our players, and the game was slow. When play ended the score was 22-11 in favor of Banning. This ended the league games. The line-up was as follows:

Captain	C. Hendricks	Third Base	E. Szuggas
Catcher	E. Brown	Short-stop	A. Urton
Pitcher	G. Guild	L. F.	A. Smith, E. Oliver
First Base	C. Bigley	C. F.	C. Cothran, J. Pritchett
Second Base	F. Wing	R. F.	L. Wieland, R. Johnson

Soccer

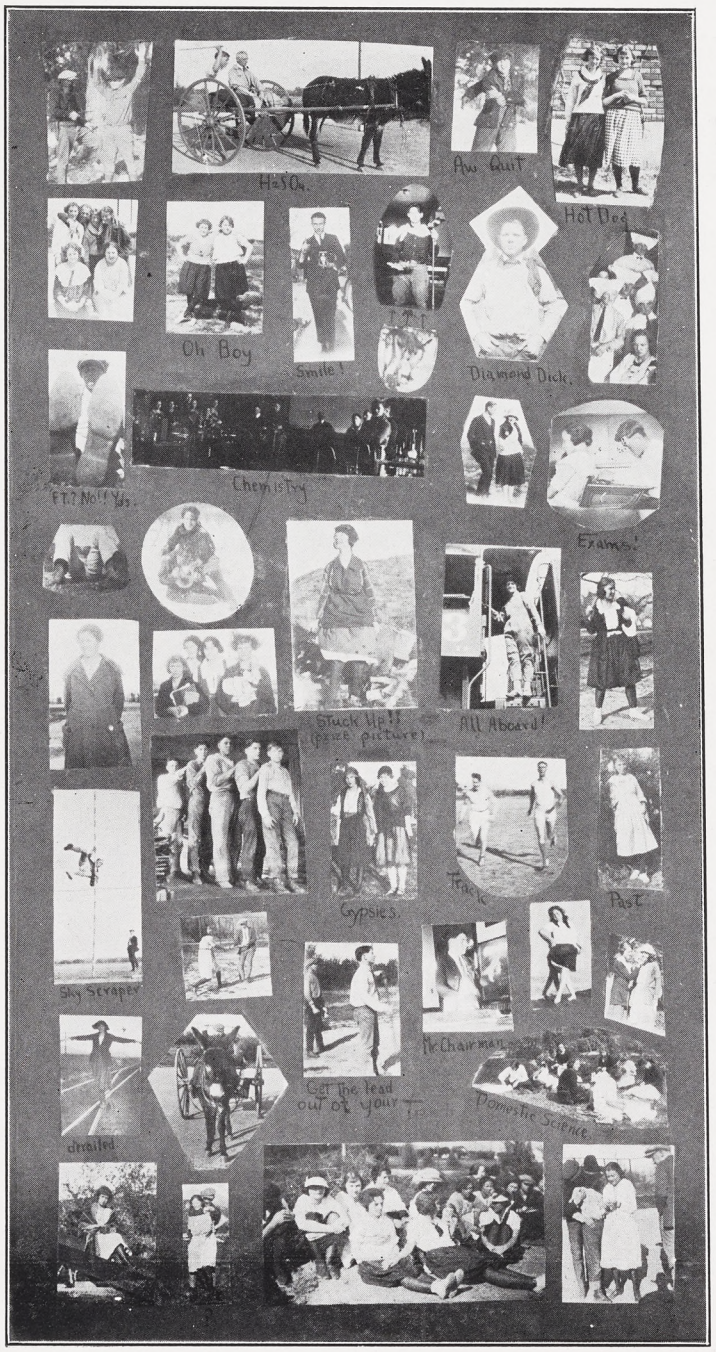
A new sport was taken up this year by the Riverside County Athletic League. Although soccer was not entered into as a major sport and no pennant was offered, quite a little interest was aroused among the different schools. Beaumont was the only outside school we played, defeating them in one practice and two regular games. Next year soccer may be classed with the major sports.

Girls' Athletics

Way back in the days of our great-grandmothers the girls could not enjoy the athletic sports that the modern girls do. And what was the result? The girls and women were frail beings who had to be handled as china dolls. In the present day girls may take long hikes, walking with easy strides, which are far more graceful than the dainty little steps that our grandmothers took. The average modern girl is healthy. Her skin is tanned. Her cheeks are rosy and her eyes sparkle with the very joy of living.

In our physical training this year we have tried to play the games that all the girls enjoy. We have had relay races and also the regular physical training exercises. Then, too, we have had games with other schools. Owing to the confliction of dates, however, the girls were able to have only one game of basketball, which was played on our own court with Coachella. But we are expecting to go in strong for baseball. Five games have been arranged and the girls are practicing with more vigor than ever before, for they are out to win.

With the approach of spring days, the girls were planning numerous hikes and week-end camping parties. Inter-class tennis matches were also anticipated.


H2SO4.
Aw Quit
Hot Dog
Oh Boy
Smile!
Diamond Dick.
FT? No! Yes.
Chemistry
Exams!
Stuck Up!!
(prize picture)
All Aboard!
Gypsies.
Tragic
Past
Sky Scraper
drailed
Mr Chairman
Get the lead
out of your
Domestic Science

B.U.H.S CALENDAR

'22-'23

SEPTEMBER

Monday, 25—Seniors entertained the faculty with a wiener-bake. They must be trying to get on the good side of the teachers.

Friday, 29—Initiation of the Frosh at the annual "Kid" party.

OCTOBER

Tuesday, 3—Dr. Pope introduced the chemistry class into the mystic realms of chemical research.

Wednesday, 4—The Freshman class president has a black eye. There must be some radicals in the class.

Thursday, 5—Boys' Glee Club met for the first time. Mrs. Hazen did all the singing.

Friday, 6—A new member has been added to our institution of learning. He belongs to the Junior class, and his name is Wesley Duman. They needed another boy.

Monday, 9—Banning beat Beaumont in a practice game of basketball.

Friday, 13—"Friday, the thirteenth." Everyone lucky at the fair.

Wednesday, 18—Heated discussion on the ways and means of spending the Student Body's money, and the importance of an Annual.

Friday, 20—Both basketball teams defeated at Elsinore. BUT, the season isn't over.

Friday, 27—Sophomore party a great success.

NOVEMBER

Friday, 3—The unlimited team beat Hemet in basketball. The Seniors gave both teams a party. Voted on the Annual question. The "Pros" won by a small majority.

Wednesday, 8—The women (?) of the faculty played basketball with the girls' team.

Friday, 10—Girls "Hi-Jings." Three boys were soaked.

Saturday, 11—Armistice Day celebration. High school throwing booth a center of attraction.

Tuesday, 14—Roger Johnson appointed business manager of "Mr Bob."

Friday, 17—Mrs. Barker entertained Sophomores at her home.

Tuesday, 21—Both teams brought home victories from San Jack.

Wednesday, 22—The Senior class rings have arrived. Will some one please tell them the proper way to wear them?

Friday, 24—Junior wiener bake. Miss Lochridge enjoyed many pickles.

Tuesday, 28—Defeated Hemet in basketball at Riverside.

Wednesday, 29—Speeches from the members of the heavyweight champion basketball team, and tributes to each from Mr. Franklin. Half holiday.

Thursday, 30—Thanksgiving night. Seniors entertain the basketball teams at Grant Wood's house.

DECEMBER

Monday, 4—Mr. French Gilman gave a talk to the Student body on the food of the Indians.

Wednesday, 6—Rehearsal for "Mr. Bob."

Thursday and Friday, 7-8—"Mr. Bob" a success.

Saturday, 9—Frosh and Juniors entertained by Miss Rudkin and Miss Conrey at the club house.

Monday, 11—Mr. Franklin gave boys a talk on "How to Conduct Oneself at High School."

Wednesday, 13—Senior girls presented a thrilling pantomine before the Student Body, entitled "Wild Nell."

Friday, 15—Big reception for the parents. A "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year" was extended to all.

JANUARY

Tuesday, 2—Mr. Franklin resolves that he will give no more exams; except in physics and bookkeeping.

Wednesday, 10—An afternoon of movies, featuring a "thrilling" picture of the jungles of Africa.

Friday, 12—First debate.

Tuesday, 16—Samples and advertisements of Mentholatum were passed out to members of Student Body. Three "rahs" were given for the remedy. Alberta Brandt appointed business manager of the operetta, "Gypsy Rover."

Thursday, 18—Chemistry class experimented with sulphur. Ugh—open the windows.

Monday, 22—Mr. Franklin played basketball with the girls. Fast game.

Tuesday, 23—The principals of the operetta sang before the Glee Clubs. Who says we haven't any musical talent?

Monday, 29—Boys' reception for Dads.

FEBRUARY

Friday, 2—Juniors entertain Student Body in Hickville.

Monday, 4—Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

Thursday, 8—The principals of the operetta went to San Bernardino to see the "Gypsy Rover."

Friday, 9—Chamber of Commerce banquet. Did we work!

Saturday, 10—Girls played basketball with Coachella.

Monday, 12—Another "movie."

Thursday, 22—Dress rehearsal for the operetta.

Friday, 23—The event takes place.

Tuesday, 27—C. I. F. game with San Bernardino.

MARCH

Monday, 5—Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Hazen have returned after a tussle with the "Flu."

Wednesday, 7—Mr. Franklin returned after a siege of the same.

Thursday, 8—William Barrett strayed into the U. S. history class, looking for a general science book.

Friday, 8—Miss Lochridge has purchased a brand new—Ford.

Monday, 12—Morey Smith caught a mouse in study hall.

Tuesday, 13—Ketcham and Ernest cleaned up their chemistry table.

Friday, 16—The Seniors took the Student Body on a transcontinental excursion.

Wednesday, 21—The Public Speaking class gave a FREE entertainment to the public.

Monday, 26—Friday, 30—Spring vacation.

APRIL

Wednesday 4—Girls entertained the Student Body. Rena was made tall and Hazel short. Wonders will never cease.

Tuesday, 10—Seniors have class meeting in study hall.

Wednesday, 11—"Bill" Westerfield gave to Student Body a "lecture" on how to make out a check.

Friday, 13—Banning lucky in the first baseball game of season.

MAY

Friday, 4—Cantata given by both Glee Clubs.

Friday, 11—Forensic contest.

Saturday, 12—High School Day at Redlands University. Girls' Glee Club entered contest.

Friday, 18—Freshman wiener bake.

JUNE

Friday, 1—Senior class play.

Sunday, 10—Baccalaureate sermon.

Thursday, 14—Junior-Senior banquet.

Friday, 15—Commencement. Fifteen Seniors thrown out into the wide, cruel world.

M-m Garbage
U.S. History
Have A Heart!!
?
School Mums.
Whose Pants?
!!!
Hot Lips!
Cyclops
Our Feather Wts.
You don't say!!
Our Janitor
A-Hem.
O-o Look!!
Wel!
Texas
Fall Line

The Spice of High School Life

(Prize Joke, Submitted by Charles Bigley)

Miss Lochridge: "What three problems did you do?"
Grant: "I didn't do any."
Miss L.: "Robert, what three did you do?"
Robert: "The same three Grant did?"

———◈———

Omar Barker: "In the Stone Age men just wore their bear skins."

———◈———

F. Wing: "Speak in terms of others."
R. Mackey: "Boob!"

———◈———

Tommy (watching baseball game): "What did they put Babe out for?"
Blanche: "For holding."
Tommy: "Oh! Isn't that just like Babe."

———◈———

Dr. Pope: "Where's Szuggas?"
Somebody: "Rena don't know."

———◈———

Dr. Pope (in Chemistry): "Can you burn this substance?"
Mackey: "What, me?"

———◈———

Redwood: "Did they send Andy Gump Anthracite coal?"

———◈———

Tex: "How does the moon affect the tide?"
Sonny: "Not at all. It only affects the untied."

———◈———

Miss Conrey: "Who comes after the President in case of death?"
Pud: "The undertaker, of course."

———◈———

Mary M.: (in Public Speaking): "Oh, to be in England now—!"
Miss L.: "Is that the way you would say it, Mary?"
Mary: "No."
Miss L.: "Then say it in your own words."
Mary: "Gee, I wish I wuz in England."

———◈———

The Troubles of an Editor

Charles K.: "What are you grumbling about? I said that you, being the fittest member, should be president of the Girls' Club."
Rena White: "Well, the 'She-Bang' said fattest."

Mrs. Gilman: "Tommy, why don't you come into the house when Clarence brings you home?"
Tommy: "I only stayed for a second."
Mrs. G.: "I am sure I distinctly heard a third and fourth." (blush).

———◈———

Dr. Pope: "What is the formula for sulphuric acid?"
E. Hemmerling (puzzled): "S O — —"
Grant Wood (impatiently): "— — A P."

———◈———

Mother: "Can you pray that it will be warmer tomorrow, so that Grandma's rheumatism will be better?"
Little Girl (kneeling): "O, Lord, make it hot for Grandma."

———◈———

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead
Who never to herself hath said:
"I want long hair on my bobbed head."

———◈———

"Is Steve still pursuing his studies?"
Mrs. Law: "I guess so; he is always behind."

———◈———

Miss Rudkin: "Albert, you have no date on your paper. You know I want a date."

———◈———

Dr. Pope: "Who gave you permission to speak?"
Red: "I had my hand up."
Dr. P.: "I don't care if you had both hands and both feet up."

———◈———

Miss Reynolds: "Any one can tell something is doing at the H. S. tonight."
Class: "Why?"
Miss R.: "Look at the weather. It's raining."

———◈———

Dr. Pope: "Can you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"
Harold Laughlin: "I don't know or I'd take some."

———◈———

"Everybody has to have his head."—E. Hemmerling, authority.

———◈———

Dr. Pope: "Can you tell me what sugar is?"
"Grant: "I know what sweetness is."

———◈———

Elden Brown: "When did you change your name, Elsie?"

———◈———

"Do I understand," said Mr. Shideler, "that there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young Ketcham?"
"No," answered Elaine, "not very much, only you?"

Nettie: "Do you like tea?"
George: "Yes, but I like the next letter better." (And she blushed).

What a wonderful bird the frog are!
When he stand he sit almost;
When he hop he fly almost.
He ain't got no sense hardly;
He ain't got no tail hardly.
When he sit—he sit on
What he ain't got almost. —Exchange.

Leo: "I am going to get ahead."
George: "Good, you need one."

Dr. Pope: "Elsie, your recitation reminds me of Quebec."
Elsie H.: "How so?"
Dr. P.: "It's founded on a high bluff."

"What reform is needed for the Glee Clubs?"
"Chloroform."

Bob Mackey: "Where do all the bugs go in winter?"
Beetle: "Search me."

Miss Rudkin: "I am beautiful. What tense is that?"
Tex: "Past!"

Miss Reynolds: "What is a climax?"
F. Wing: "Chewing tobacco."

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mr. Franklin not writing signs?
Hazel Laughlin not getting her lessons?
An unscientific Dick Bramkamp?
The Juniors not having a meeting at noon?
Grant Wood and Frederic not arguing about politics?
Elsie Houda not bossing Hazel in Chem. Lab.?
Bob Mackey and Miss Conrey agreeing?
Miss Lochridge not guarding her typewriter?
Miss Reynolds not using figures of speech?
A quiet Chemistry class?
The Student Body failing in anything they undertake?

E. Hemmerling (reading poem): "It is in two parts, part one and part two."

Found in a Junior's English paper: "Bunyon was a peculiar man while he lived."

"A preposition is an improper word to end a sentence with."
—from a high school text book.

Pud Smith: "I am looking for some one to be chairman of the debate.
Sophomore Girl: "I will preside if Omar can preside with me."
(Easy question for beginners: Who is the girl?)

I have a Spanish teacher—I shall not pass.
She maketh me to explain tenses and gender;
She exposeth my ignorance before the class;
She raileth my temper; She causeth me to cram hard.
Yea; though I study till midnight,
I gain no knowledge, for tenses trouble me.
Idioms and verbs distress me.
She prepareth tests for me under trying circumstances;
My grade falleth lower and lower;
Surely Spanish and all its difficulties
Shall haunt me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the Spanish class forever. —Exchange.

Miss Conrey: "What is meant by 'immemorial rights of Englishmen?' "
Pud: "Women, too?"

Jack Pritchett (translating Spanish): "The boys took out his flock of cows to the pasture.

Dr. Pope (in Chemistry): "Don't ever think too hard, or your brain will burn up." (We are inclined to believe that this statement was made with perhaps a slight touch of sarcasm in connection).

Miss Conrey: "Why did the term of Garfield end when he was assassinated?"

Miss Conrey: "Charles, tell us something about Alaska."
Chas. K.: "It is very cold there and many hardships are endured. Not many women go there."
Miss C.: "Charles wouldn't want to go there very bad."

"Movies"

The Student Body has undertaken a new activity this year, namely, "movies." Steve Law and Leo Wieland have been in charge of presenting them. Each student had a season ticket, which admitted him to all the pictures. Most of the reels were educational, presenting different phases of industrial projects to us. We also had a few feature films and some comedies. We feel well repaid for entering into this activity.

THE QUALITY OF A DOG'S FRIENDSHIP

E. R. '24

Teach me, my dog, for thou art wiser far
Than all the humans that with me are friends.
Thou art a truer friend to me than all my other friends that have
accompanied me upon life's highway.
The depths of thy brown eyes are full of that worship
Which ne'er is found in human eyes—
That which my heart e'er hungers for the most.

— I F —

M. W. '24

If Franklin never scolded,
And Rudkin never frowned;
If Tex, in the 6th period,
In the hall wasn't found;
If the teachers kept their tempers,
And always held their tongues;
If the bells that called the classes
Some day would not be rung;
If Robert didn't argue and Conrey didn't pout,
And the Juniors didn't know it all
Without a single doubt (? ? ?);
If Lochridge wasn't sarcastic,
And if Donald never blushed;
If all the talking in the halls
Could be forever hushed;
If Virgil should get thin;
If Charles broke off with Elaine,
And another girl stepped in;
And if everyone turned angel
And never talked at all—
Tell me—ain't it just the truth—
Wouldn't the heavens fall?

The Pursuit of Happiness

M. W. '24

THIRD PLACE IN FORENSIC

As an American girl, I have always been interested in the phrase, "pursuit of happiness," with which our forefathers were endowed in the Declaration of Independence. It seems puzzling that we should have to pursue happiness, when it is continually within our power to create it. The definition which Webster gives for pursuit is: "To follow persistently with the purpose of seizing or obtaining; to chase, hunt or seek." Therefore, when we speak of the pursuit of happiness, we mean to hunt for it, or to obtain that which will enable us to gain pleasure. This, I think, is a waste of time and energy, because happiness is something that we must create within ourselves.

Some people's lives seem to be tuned to the minor key and the bluebird of happiness is just around the corner; and they hunt continually for it. However, they hunt in vain. If you do not create happiness day by day within your own self, it will never be found, because we can not find that which does not exist. And yet the search for it goes on, and has since the days of Plato. There are countless people who run about looking for happiness like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, which is all the while on his head.

But the question is asked: "What shall I do to create that which is called happiness?" There are three things which, if one practices carefully, will bring as compensation true happiness. These are, namely, service, contentment with yourself and your life work, and humbleness of mind.

Service is what has been the outstanding feature of those who have created happiness. The Bible says the we fulfill the law of Him when we bear one another's burdens. Lord Byron says that "happiness was born a twin, and those who win happiness must share it, lest they lose it." Therefore, service means unselfishness. Selfishness always aims for happiness, but always cheats itself out of it. I want it said of me," said Abraham Lincoln, "that I have always planted a flower wherever a flower should grow." This was real service. An effort to help others lifts us above ourselves, because service and kindness go hand in hand. Don't be afraid of being too kind. One must be a little too kind to be kind enough.

"Are you awfully tired of play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world:
Do something for somebody, quick!"

And our desire to do something for somebody, quick, can be construed to mean consideration, and consideration is man's noblest

attitude toward his fellowman. For every seed of human kindness he plants, a flower blooms in the garden of his own heart. Acts of kindness show gentle breeding and refinement of character in the highest degree. What would we do without the helping hand, the word of cheer and the thoughts of others? True happiness may be obtained through the medium of usefulness, making our chief aim in life not the furtherance of our own selfish interests, but the advancement of our brother's welfare. Make one person happy each day and in forty years you will have made fourteen thousand, six hundred people happy for a little while at least.

"The shades of good we sow, both in shade and shine will grow, and will keep our hearts aglow as the days go by."

Contentment with yourself and your life work is another powerful factor in creating happiness. Wherever we are we should endeavor to catch step with our surroundings. And whatever we are given to do should become a pleasant duty. Van Dyke says: "In the school of life many branches of knowledge are taught, but the only philosophy that amounts to anything, after all, is just the secret of making friends with our luck." There are people who seemingly delight in being miserable, because they constantly bear three kinds of burdens: all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have. It is not strange that they should call happiness an illusion, but I am convinced that it is not the thing itself, but the pursuit which is the illusion. Why not fix our thoughts upon the moments, the hours, perhaps the days of happiness we might enjoy as the result of fostering the determination to make the best of whatever comes to us? In the face of misfortune isn't it true that: "The man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong?"

Contentment in one's life work also brings, as compensation, true happiness. But to gain happiness in this way one must work with his hands, his eyes, his mind and his heart. We must not let "vagrant wishes beckon us estray, but we must feel that our work is a blessing, not a doom, and can best be done by us." No idle person can be truely happy. His hands find too much to do that is not worth while. In following your life work a good motto to adopt is: "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you." That means to do your work conscientiously, because that is the only way to be thoroughly self-respecting. You should feel responsibile for the success or for the failure of your work, for we must all bear certain responsibilities if we are to become strong in mind and in character. The road to success is a hard one to climb, and there are no soft seats along the way, but the higher one climbs the less crowded the road becomes. The ascent may mean tears mingled with laughter and endless, toilsome years, but the great reward is ample compensation. And remember that:

"You haven't been much if you haven't been battered and knocked around in the world a bit. You haven't been much if it hasn't mattered, all that went on with its woe and wit; the knock-

ing and tramping, the worry and care—you haven't been much if you haven't been there."

Happiness is the compensation attending humbleness of mind. One can not really be happy and be vain and self-centered. How much each vain person suffers for his self-admiring qualities! Many times we smile over the story of the cock who believed that the sun rose every morning to hear him crow. Yet he was no more conceited than many people.

"Fill a person with love for himself," said a certain witty Frenchman, "and what runs over will be your share." There is seldom much left over. Humbleness of mind produces simplicity of spirit, which is the biggest asset to any person. Simplicity is the uprighteousness of soul, which checks all dwelling upon one's self and one's actions. Dwelling too much on one's self produces presumptuous wisdom, which is contrary to true simplicity.

Do not hunt for happiness. Create it! Seize the opportunity, because you pass this way but once.

Robert Pollock says: "True happiness has no localities; no tones provencial; no peculiar garb. Where duty went, she went; with justice went, and went with meekness, charity and love. Where e'er a pious act was done, or breathed a pious prayer, or wished a pious wish, there was a high and lofty place—a spot of sacred light, a most religious fane, where happiness, descending, sat and smiled."

Come, forget your pursuit! Face the east and with nobler courage, stronger faith—create your happiness!

And when the sun sets and the evening hour has come, with its beauty and its restfulness, peace shall be your dwelling place; contentment shall glow on your hearthstone, and you will find that happiness has been with you all the way.